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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of Emanuel Augustus Dieudonné Count de las Casas.* Communicated by Himself, &c. &c. London 1818. 8vo. pp. 228.

THE regards of Europe have scarcely been suffered to repose for a single moment from the contemplation of St. Helena and its remarkable Inhabitant. The man whose destinies have been so interwoven with the mightiest events of history, at whose fiat kingdoms have lost their independence, nations their liberty, and millions have poured forth their life-blood—this man cannot sink into obscurity. And though it is to his agents and parasites, to the remnant few who never looked upon him in any other light than as a liberal benefactor, who, from the prodigal disbursement of thrones and principalities, lavished upon them what they never could have obtained in times of law and order, that we are indebted for these numerous publications; and though their object be widely different from that which wise and virtuous men can approve, yet are their efforts something so salutary, so proper for us to know and reflect upon, so full of providence (if we may use the expression,) bringing good out of evil, that we may say the very finger of an overruling power is visible in these means, and on our parts we shall endeavour to make a beneficial use of the lesson thus pressed upon our senses.

To us it appears that every new disclosure sinks Napoleon Buonaparte deeper and deeper in the hopelessness of human degradation. Like Milton's Lucifer he falls, to find in every remove

An abyss lower still.

His fate is a wonderful dream; but it is a dream pregnant with matter for mankind to ponder on. The desperate man of blood and massacre—the umpire of the universal world—the dethroner and setter up of kings—the potentate at whose nod forty millions of subjects bowed, at whose command a million and a half of his fellow creatures marched out to destroy each other—the insatiable conqueror, whose ambition, unsatisfied with the largest portion of the civilized earth, grasped to add the mountains of Spain, and the wilds of Tartary, and the populous plains of Asia, to an empire already unparalleled in extent and power

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—this stupendous Being, what is he now in the canvass of the Count las Casas? a wretch below the range of pity—beneath the very stoopings of contempt. Was it necessary to set this memorable example before the instructed world? Oh yes! the decrees of the Almighty are often inscrutable to mortal apprehensions, but they are sometimes (as in this instance) direct, evident, not to be misunderstood. Could one awake from the dead after the sleep of only a few short years, and be told that the terrible scourge of his race, the desolating Buonaparte, round whose footstool monarchs waited trembling for the behest which was to make or unmake them—the despoiler and vanquisher of the strongest coalitions—was not only a solitary prisoner on a solitary rock, but with the whole energies of his mind wound up to wrangle with his keepers, to sulk like a spoiled girl, to lament over his aches and ailments, and bend his soul to the immortal feat of retaining or discharging his apothecary! "Mercy upon us (he would say) had this miserable creature no opportunity of dying like a soldier; or of playing the lion in his toils; or was he after all but a charlatan and a coward, whom circumstances robed in power, but who was intrinsically vile and worthless?" Adversity has confirmed the worst characteristics of Buonaparte, and demonstrated beyond a question, that though he once appeared grand and dreadful, he owed this semblance to his station—the master of the universe—and not to innate superiority of soul. "From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step" indeed with such beings; but the real hero, the man of truly great mind, is never ridiculous. It is not in fortune, in victory, nor in defeat, to alter him, so as to invite the scorn or loathing of mankind: a glorious orb of light, he rolls on his course through azure and through cloud unchanged, till the last convulsion of nature extinguishes his radiance; not like one of baser nature, " . . . raised the meteor of the world Hung in the sky, and blazing as he travelled," to be thrown down to the native mire where it was engendered, and trod out by the meanest foot of indignity.

We know there are those who will accuse us of harshness and want of feeling, for speaking thus of a fallen enemy. Our judgment acknowledges nothing in

common with such persons. We have no sympathy for Napoleon Buonaparte. We are utterly ignorant of that single incident in his life by which he has linked himself to the tears of humanity. An exalted and selfish ruffian; is there one instance recorded, even by his most zealous dependents, of his giving way to social affection? The largesses of profusion attached some to his cause, a participation in his system of plunder and false glory many more of kindred genius, and some were dazzled by the immensity of his powers, and others by various hopes and interests and passions; but who has loved him for himself? not even his Brothers! For none could love, nor trust the dark, malignant, insensate fiend, who, had the population of France but one life, would have sacrificed it without a pang to one day of triumph, or one year of a hateful life at the loathed St. Helena. If any man can say wherefore Buonaparte should be beloved, we will retract our opinion, and adopt the new creed; but to our eyes, neither his public nor his private history suggests one point of alliance for human kindness. If ever there existed a man self-insulated from his species, he is the man; no consideration of the miseries of war ever impeded his movements; no thoughts of the widows and orphans whom battle made, ever checked his hecatomb offerings on the shrine of personal ambition; no compunction ever stood in his path when single and cold-blooded murders were deemed expedient to satiate revenge, or remove an adversary; no tie of kindred ever tugged at his heart to prevent the execution of a favourite project;—in fine, if we can conceive an abstract principle of selfishness clothed in the human form, apathetic, sanguinary, remorseless, it is to be found in the shape of this detestable being.

But it is time to leave him for his parasite Las Casas. Las Casas is one of those, unprincipled, unprincipled individuals, who have not that guide within which causes us to pursue a direct and consistent course. The present moment is his eternity; and whatever may be the object of the hour, it has the benefit of his entire French enthusiasm. A Bourbon or a Buonaparte—he is equally ready to die, or say he will die, for either, just as either happens

to be the idol at the time. To-day he will endure heaven and earth knows what for such a Prince as the Duc d'Anguien; to-morrow he will suffer more on behalf of his murderer. In short, Monsieur Las Casas is one of the completest weathervanes of the revolution, and, like all fickle gentlemen, most peremptory and zealous in support of his existing mood. Having pressed himself into the service of St. Helena, he accompanied Buonaparte thither, and remained with him till the Governor was obliged to send so troublesome an intriguer off the island. Of course he reclaims, and makes a furious noise about the matter; and if the whole affair was not a manoeuvre to get back to Europe, the publication before us is the fruit of his hot resentment. We rather suspect that the thing is altogether a trick, and that M. Las Casas' wrongs are only secondary to the plan of keeping the name and condition of his master alive on the scene of his former influence. If so, the stratagem has been a good deal spoilt by the detention of the agent for several months at the Cape of Good Hope, and other obstacles to his coming out with eclat when public attention was unoccupied with graver matters.

It may be reckoned a little contradictory, after what we have written, to declare that we attach much importance to the present work, and precisely to those parts of it which relate to Buonaparte. But one who has filled so extraordinary a space, and run so marvellous a career as he has done, must always command attention to the last act and dropping of the curtain, should it even be in obscurity, when penitence, confessions, and deeper humiliations (for such is the close we anticipate from even-handed justice) have rendered the lesson at once more finished and instructive. Meanwhile we like to read it as it runs.

M. Las Casas' production consists of a preface; a Letter addressed to Lucien Buonaparte from St. Helena, giving an account of his Brother's voyage, residence, and mode of living; a Letter addressed to Earl Bathurst, complaining of his own ill-treatment; and, not the least momentous in the opinion of the writer, a biography of the redoubted Count Las Casas, who therein proves himself, if not the greatest liar, at least the most egotistical coxcomb that ever proclaimed himself to the wondering world. As our readers probably care as little about the memoir of this miraculous hero of his own tale as we did, we shall not dwell long on that portion of his writings.

He is descended as nobly as the Herald's College could devise a pedigree, from some Counts about the years 1000 and 1100: in his youth he had four narrow and wonderful escapes from being drowned (twice in the Scheldt and twice at sea; a remarkable instance, we doubt not, of the truth of the old saying: if he had gone in the carriage with Gustavus III., as he might have done, the chance is that he would have saved that monarch from assassination. When the French princes were defeated early in the revolutionary war, he, their faithful follower, emigrated to England, and lived in a coal cellar about St. Giles's; being nevertheless received into the highest circles, and a welcome visitor to the most splendid banquets: he was always of a romantic (quare, has not the translator altered this from romancing?) disposition, and possessed, he modestly tells us "courage, a refined education, amiable manners, and distinguished talents:" such a prodigy was he indeed altogether, that besides his

Double situation of a polished man of the world appearing in gilded saloons, and a man from among the dregs of the people, not unfrequently consuming his mid-day meal by the side of a day-labourer in the lowest public house, and in cellars of the utmost wretchedness—

He was so competent a teacher, that

He was usually under the necessity of learning the day before what he was to teach on the following day — — — and frequently even highly brilliant and unexpected prospects opened to him—for instance, he was one day offered a commission to take the management of immense estates in Jamaica, where he would have made a fortune in four or five years, &c. &c.

But all these, and fine appointments to India, he rejected, because he loved to be near France!!

About this period he published his "Historical Atlas," which, though little known, is, according to his testimony, one of the ablest works ever compiled. The only further discoveries worth notice in the memoir is, that the art of war was utterly unknown so late as 1792; and that the French revolution was thus ended.

From eight to ten years were in this manner passed by the Count in a foreign country; when in the bosom of France a meteor arose, that covered it with his fame and his genius. His powerful arm at once changed the former order of things, the French revolution ceased to be the terror of civilized Europe; its beautiful and grand truths came forth resplendent and purified from the chaos of anarchy; it forced respect from kings, and corresponded to the wishes of the people. A life and an organization

wholly new, spread themselves over the soil of France. The emigrants were solemnly recalled. "There are now no parties, and no privileged orders, but Frenchmen only;" was the language of the new government. Las Casas availing himself of this arrangement, terminated his exile and hurried to Paris: the emigration had cost him his estate; he now renounced on oath all farther claims to it, for this was the condition of his return; but he saw himself again on his native soil, and breathed again his country's air; and to noble minds this will always appear a most distinguished treasure.

After a ten years' absence, he returned wholly a new man; he brought with him his own peculiar ideas and views, his knowledge and industry. The particular situation in which he found himself and his principles at the same time, kept him at first at a distance from all public offices and employments, for he wished to owe every thing to himself alone.

To make short work of it, he soon wriggled into some office, and became so zealous a friend to the new order of things, that, with the exception of a little rattling in 1814-15, he adhered to his Emperor and King, and when that personage left Paris for the last time, his dutiful and moral subject "tore himself from the cries of his wife, embraced his little children, brought his eldest son from school," and devoted himself to the fortunes of the exile "for ever"—that is, for nearly two years.

So early as on board the Northumberland, our honourable began his useful functions by pretending to be ignorant of English, in order to catch the eaves-droppings in that language, his knowledge of which alone seems to have recommended him to Buonaparte as a companion. The same qualification was his passport to a closer intercourse than he would otherwise have been allowed, and to it we may account ourselves indebted for all the curious information which this volume contains.

During the outward passage, Napoleon began to dictate to him, from memory, the history of his Italian campaigns; a division of his life on which, we imagine, he would delight to dwell. And during this voyage those hardships began, respecting which there has been no end of querulous complaining.

The style of Las Casas' composition is worthy of his self-sufficiency; ex. gr.

The magnanimous devotion to Napoleon, however, throws all the other noble actions of the Count into the shade, and will without doubt transmit his memory to future ages. The opinion of all parties coincides in declaring his conduct on this occasion to be heroic, wonderful and sublime, and in bestowing on him the name of the martyr

of devotion, the hero of fidelity. During his imprisonment in the enemy's country at the Cape of Good Hope, he found one day on his writing-desk an anonymous letter in verse, of which the rhyme betrayed perhaps something of a foreign origin, but to the sentiments of which every one will certainly most readily subscribe. The following were the verses :

Digne héritier des vertus de ton nom,  
De Las Casas imitateur fidèle,  
Lui d'un peuple opprimé fut l'ardent champion,  
Toi d'un nouveau Richard te montres le Blondelo.

Besides the qualities above mentioned, Las Casas is also distinguished by a high degree of disinterestedness and self-denial, and by an almost blind confidence in the rectitude and the sincerity of other men; this drew down on him at Longwood the reproach, that he was not unfrequently as unsuspecting and as credulous as a child.

We omit the further puffing and boastings which follow, to notice one of his rarities, which will be curious enough when it sees the light, viz.

The Journal, regularly kept, of all that was said by Napoleon every day at St. Helena during eighteen months; his public and private conversations, &c. This journal is still in the hands of the English authorities. The value of such a document depends on its contents and its genuineness. History demands it back, and it is hoped the demand will not be made in vain.

The grandiloquence of the Count is so widely removed from the sober phrase of truth, that we are generally, even in trifles, at a loss to know whether he is or is not worthy of credit. For instance, page 82, his short residence in St. Helena is "days, weeks, months, years, passed on in uninterrupted solitude;" and, 113, the island itself is "at the extremity of the globe." These rhodomontade expressions would be only foolish, did they not display an habitual disregard of veracity in a performance, the adherence of which to facts must be its grand test of interest. From the person too who calls on the public to believe him in opposition to Lord Bathurst, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Goulburn, we have a right to expect a little less notorious license.

Following the narrative of M. Las Casas, we are informed, that the whole Buonaparte family intended to have emigrated to America, on the second renunciation of the throne. New York was to have been the general rendezvous. They would have made a charming addition to the independent colony which has recently established itself in that country. Prevented in this scheme, we have a long and, as usual, contradictory account of Napoleon's conduct after quitting Paris, of his refusal to take the command of the army of the Loire, and

of his voluntary surrender to the British. As for continuing the contest, Buonaparte knew too well its hopelessness and peril—he was not mad enough to suppose he could do better after the battle of Waterloo, with the Austrian and Russian forces added to his foes, than before it. And as for his voluntary surrender, the Count himself is disposed to settle that point, by telling us (page 102,) "On the other hand, the English cruisers were in view, and hovered day and night about the port of Rochefort. Every pass seemed guarded and closed. Besides, the winds were uniformly contrary. While in this manner, every account which we received from the interior imperiously commanded us to hasten our departure, every thing at sea concurred to render it impossible."

Buonaparte therefore put the best face he could on the matter, and gave himself up to the British flotilla; and if, as his friends declare, and the above account of the circumstance by his own agent, Las Casas, be correct, his surrender was voluntary, we can only say, that not even the exception of Hobson's choice, 'this or none,' we never in our lives met with any action which seemed so entirely of necessity, and divested of free will. Even after entering into the negotiations with Captain Maitland, "every thing" (says Las Casas) on our part which the imagination can suggest was exhausted, for the purpose of discovering means of escaping from this port, and gaining the open sea." These failing, the voluntary surrender took place, and we are reminded of the Lieutenant who brought 85 volunteers for the navy on board the tender, all of whom he had pressed from Wapping the night before!!

At Plymouth the prisoners appear wofully disappointed with the line of conduct adopted towards them, and Las Casas laments in the third person plural, as if he had as much cause of grief as his dear Master.

We were surrounded by armed vessels, which, by discharges of musketry, kept back the curious who ventured to approach us. Soon after, the dreadful sentence, so unique in its kind, was announced to us in the harshest expressions and most bitter form [a gross and notorious falsehood.] They took possession of our swords, rummaged our baggage, in order, as they said, to take our money, our bills, diamonds, and valuable effects, under their care.

Buonaparte had, however, not been able to carry off more than 4000 napoleons, some plate, linen, books, &c. Then came the Corsican's famous pro-

test, asserting that he was "the guest of England, and came voluntarily on board the Bellerophon," the truth of which may be ascertained from our extracts from the narrative of his companion, who in this matter is worthy of full credit, since his statement is utterly opposite to the representation he wished to make. But when M. le Comte discovers the tone taken by his master, it is quite ludicrous to observe how he turns about and contradicts all he had said before about the impossibility of escape, &c. His lament is so primitive and laughable, that we must transcribe it. Since the murder of the Innocents, there has never been any thing so cruel and doleful:

With respect to us, full of bitterness of heart and disgust at such transactions, we exclaimed, "What a deceitful and malicious trick! Are we no longer among civilized nations? Where are the rights of nations and public morality? We call on God to punish such faithlessness; he is witness to the sincerity with which we acted, and to the treachery practised towards us." It would be difficult to paint to you the rage which this contemptuous abuse of power, this employment of falsehood, to take advantage of our innocent credulity, excited in us. Even now, on the bare mention of it to your highness, the blood rushes more rapidly through my veins.

We read in the public journals, that they had made prisoners of us; of us who gave ourselves up to them so freely, with such magnanimous confidence! It was said, we were under the necessity of surrendering ourselves at discretion; we, who with greatness of soul refused to avail ourselves by land of the chances of war in our favour, and who had it in our power to make the attempt to escape by sea! Could our treatment have been worse, had we been reduced to the necessity of yielding to force or superior power? Who can entertain a doubt that we would not have exposed ourselves to every danger, have tried every chance of fortune, and even have rushed on certain death, had we had the least suspicion of the fate that was destined to us?

Poor fellows, or rather, worthless miscreants! ought not the bare name of the young D'Enghien, butchered at midnight, to have sunk your clamours against retributive justice into everlasting silence? Ought you not, after all your villainies and crimes, to have thanked that Providence which, instead of sending you to your account by a public execution, permitted you, in mercy, time for repentance, and solitude through which to reach a grave uncursed by millions, at the moment of your descent into it.

At St. Helena the complaints, with which the public have been so long and pertinaciously disgusted, continue, and

the value of this volume is, that it puts them into their most authentic and tangible shape. The habitation of the person second in command upon the Island, and allotted to Buonaparte, was the most detestable spot in it;—this, it may be believed, did not arise from the extreme folly of the Sub-Governor in choosing such a hell, but simply because Buonaparte could not get Plantation House, the residence of the Governor himself! Chagrined, and we fear ill at ease within, the following is Las Casas' details to Lucien, of his brother's mode of life.

The Emperor sleeps very little: he goes early to bed, and as he knows that I am also a bad sleeper, he frequently sends for me to bear him company till he falls asleep; he wakes pretty regularly about three o'clock, when a light is brought him, and he works till six or seven; he then lays himself down again to endeavour to sleep a second time; about nine o'clock breakfast is served to him on a small round table, a sort of gueridon beside his couch; here he frequently sends for one of us; he then reads, works, or slumbers during the oppressive heat of the day; he afterwards dictates to us. For a long time he used, about four o'clock in the afternoon, to take us all out with him in the *caleche*, but at last he got tired of this, as he before did of riding; he now continues to walk till the humidity of the air compels him to return to the house. If he remains out after four o'clock in the open air, he is certain of being seized in the evening with rheumatic pains in the head, a pretty severe cough, and violent tooth-ache. On his return, he dictates till about eight o'clock; he then repairs to the dining-room, and plays a game at chess before dinner. During the desert, when the servants have withdrawn, he usually reads to us some passages from our best poets, or from some other books of importance. These are the most minute details of the manner in which the Emperor at present lives; he would esteem himself happy in his distance from the rest of the world, were it permitted him, amidst our pious and careful attentions, forgotten by men, to live for a few hours only free from suffering; but since the arrival of the new Governor, neither a day, nor an hour, nor a moment passes in which he does not receive fresh wounds; a sting may be said to be in constant operation to tear open the wounds, the pain of which a short slumber might have somewhat deadened.

Sir Hudson Lowe has, it appears, done his duty so faithfully towards his country, his fellow-creatures generally, and his Maker, to all of whom he is responsible for the important trust reposed in him, as to merit the utmost hatred and vituperation of Buonaparte and his followers; but as this portion of the work is too long for extract, we

must, curious and entertaining as it is, refer our readers for it to the publication, which will also amuse and gratify them in many other particulars. We only venture one observation, that as it is stated that the new Governor's measures were not all at first, but became progressively rigorous, it is a strong presumption that he made \* discoveries from time to time which rendered closer precautions necessary. One of the accusations is as strong as it is strange, viz. having got by *fraud* this great man into their power, his enemies forcibly took possession of his property and his income, and then wished him to provide for his own maintenance:—this is made by the person who a few pages before told us that his master had only 4000 napoleons, &c. all of which were restored to him!!

There is an obvious aim throughout all the statements to excite a belief that Buonaparte is more severely treated than the repose of Europe requires, and to stir up on his behalf as much general commiseration as may, and as much particular cant of jacobinism as his advocates can muster for the suffering martyr. With regard to the first we believe his situation must be irksome, and, if he has human perceptions and memory, dreadful enough; but to all the charges of vexation and barbarity, there is the almost invincible *prima facie* evidence of *cui bono*. There is not a reason in existence to induce either the British Ministers, or the Governor they employ, so to act, and many powerful reasons, for their own sakes even personally, as well as in their capacities of public functionaries, why they should not. But on the other side there is every possible inducement so to paint matters as to give them this semblance, and not one ground for resting either satisfied or seemingly satisfied with their condition.

As for Las Casas' removal, it is the most whimsical burlesque on the Buonaparte School that we ever read. He wants a frigate to send him home, but finally makes choice of the only vessel allowed him. He comes to our shores like Themistocles, most willing in his candour, to give Lord Bathurst truer infor-

\* This is more than warranted by Las Casas (page 151,) telling Lucien Buonaparte that he is "compelled to wait for some secret mode of conveyance" for his letter; and "sooner or later such secret means will occur; some traveller, possessed of magnanimity, and a love of truth, will undertake the charge," &c. This after he had promised the Governor not to write: and with what intention? That when the truth found its way to the English people, they might succeed in putting an end to these excesses!—

mation than he gets through the British officers employed. In short, M. Las Casas is as impudent a dog, and as contradictory a writer, as we ever chanced to light upon. Yet his book is one which deserves what it has obtained—universal circulation: it furnishes much amusement, and much for all parties to reflect upon. He modestly expects ministers to answer his assertions, and promises, if they do not satisfy him, to bring his case into our courts of law. There it will shine in a novel form—but in the interim, he has drawn it out in a way sufficiently attractive to obtain extraordinary attention.

*Morier's Second Journey through Persia, &c.*  
London 1818. 4to.

(Continued.)

The manners of Persia are as singularly exhibited in popular movements, and in the lesser circumstances of life, as in their government, religion, and superstitions. In the former case, indeed, as is not unfrequent in more enlightened countries, the innocent often suffer for the guilty, as the following story witnesseth:—

About this time (of the Embassy,) great discontent was manifest at Shiraz, owing to an increase in the price of bread, and there were symptoms of insurrection among the people. This grievance was chiefly attributed to Mirza Ahady, (fellow-sufferer with Mahomed Nebce Khan;—see last week's *Literary Gazette*), who, having been released from prison at Teheran, was permitted to return to Fars, to raise such sums on the people as would satisfy the demands of the King.

Mirza Ahady, in conjunction with the Prince's mother, was believed to have monopolized all the corn of the country, and he had no sooner reached Shiraz, than he raised its price, which of course produced a correspondent advance in that of bread—*Ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles*—the people became outrageous in their misery. As is usual, in all public calamities in the East, they commenced by shutting their shops in the Bazar. They then resorted to the house of Sheikh-el-Islam, the head of the law, requiring him to issue a *Fetwah*, which might make it lawful to kill Mirza Ahady, and one or two more, whom they knew to be his coadjutors in oppressing them. They then appeared in a body before the Prince's palace, where they expressed their grievances in a tumultuous way, and demanded that Mirza Ahady should be delivered up to them. Mahomed Zeky Khan was sent out by the Prince to appease them, accompanied by Mirza Bauer, the chief baker of the city, who was one of those whose life had been denounced. As soon as the latter appeared, he was overwhelmed with insults and reproaches, but he managed to pacify them,

by saying, "What crime have I committed? Mirza Ahady is the man to abuse. If he sells us corn at extravagant prices, bread must rise in consequence." In the meantime, Mirza Ahady had secreted himself from the fury of the mob; but being countenanced by the Prince's mother, and consequently by the Prince himself, he let the storm rage, and solaced himself by making fresh plans for raising more money. The price of bread was lowered for a few days, until the commotion should cease; and as it was necessary that some satisfaction should be given to the people, all the bakers in the town were collected together, and publicly bastinadoed on the soles of their feet!!!

The *Looties*, or Buffoons, attend at all merry-makings or public festivals, disregarding all delicacy in the style and manner of their wit:—

Princes, Governors of Provinces, &c. as well as the King, have a band of these fellows in their pay, and they are looked upon as a necessary part of Persian state. They are composed of the most profligate of men, and can only advance in their profession by superior ribaldry. Some of them are endowed with great natural wit, which was the case with the *Looti* Bashee, or chief *Looti*, who attended the Ambassador on this occasion, [Lady Ousely's accouchement]; for it is said, that some time ago he entered the lists before the Prince with the *Ex-Looti* Bashee, and so surpassed him in humour and ingenuity, that he was instantly promoted to his present situation. His dress, when he came to the Ambassador, was composed of a felt hat, the crown of which was made like ours, but with two long ears projecting before, and two similar behind. Others of his troop were dressed in the same way; all looking grotesque; and I conjectured that nothing could give one a better idea of satyrs and bacchanals, particularly as they were attended by a suite of monkeys, headed by a large ape, which were educated to perform all sorts of tricks. They carried copper drums, slung under the arm, which they beat with their fingers and the palm of their hands; some snapped their fingers, making a noise like castagnets, others played the tambourine; and when all this was put into motion, with their voices roaring in loud chorus, the scene was unique.

The people of the country were in general polite and hospitable, though sometimes they fled from the approach of the Embassy in dread of the requisitions for provisions and carriage:—

At Chors, and indeed at every village by which they passed, they found it the fashion for the *Ket Khoda* and the inhabitants to come out, stand by the road side, and make a regular donative of the village to the Ambassador, by saying, "This village is yours, and we are your slaves."

At an *Eelaut* encampment of black tents, however, says the author,

As I was making a sketch of them, of the tree, and of the village, an unbreeched urchin, who could scarcely lisp, saluted me with the appellation of *Kiupek oglu*, a dog's son. Then came an old Shepherd, with grave and suspicious looks, who said, "There are some fierce dogs in these tents which will bite you, if you stay here much longer." Upon which I detained him as a sentinel over his dogs, of which he did not much approve; for it was easy to discover that his apprehension for my safety was only another mode of expressing his jealousy about a pack of his ragged and dirty wives in the tents.

Their women are indeed most zealously guarded, as a droll adventure at Tabriz will shew:—

The keys of the gates are kept by the Governor of the city, and a camp was formed without the town. One of our sergeants going to the camp, having arrived too late at the gate, went to the Governor's house to seek the key. He inquired for the Governor, and was informed that he was within; he proceeded, and unknowingly found himself on a sudden in the harem, in the midst of many women, who shrieked out when they saw him, and sought to hide themselves. He there felt himself assailed by numerous weapons, that were directed at him by a man, as well as by the women; and finding himself closely pressed, he aimed a blow at the former, which alighted upon his mouth. The sufferer proved to be the Governor in person, and who in this attack, asserted that he had lost two teeth. Remonstrances were instantly made to the Ambassador for this intrusion of one of his countrymen into a spot so sacred to a Persian; but the whole business was very good-naturedly forgiven, as soon as an explanation had been made that the serjeant had erred through ignorance alone.

In his lodgings at Tabriz, Mr. Morier had some slight opportunities of observing the domestic habits of the natives. Houses are taken without ceremony from their owners, and assigned for the residence of any persons protected by the court. It was twelve years since the owner of the abode provided for the Ambassador, had possessed his own house, and it was very unlikely that he would ever occupy it again, as it is no sooner left by one tenant than it is immediately given to another. Mr. Morier's habitation "belonged to an Armenian family, the head of which was a *Keshish*, or priest:—"

It consisted (he proceeds) of several rooms, built upon elevated terraces, looking upon two sides of a square, besides several other small unconnected rooms, situated here and there. A garden was attached to it, in which were apple, pear, cherry, walnut, and *sinjid* (jufube) trees, besides rose-trees. Beneath my chambers were two under-ground rooms, where lived one of the priest's sons, and his wife. One

of the rooms was a magazine for arrack, of which the husband was both a drinker and a vender. But as the Prince had prohibited the sale of this liquor and of wine, under very heavy penalties, none was sold except in clandestine manner, and that to persons well known. The noises that issued from the adjoining houses were quite characteristic of Persian domestic life. In my immediate vicinity lived an old merose Persian, who daily quarrelled with his women; and I could distinguish the voice of one particular female, whose answers, made in a taunting and querulous tone, did not fail to throw him into passions so violent, that they generally terminated in blows, the noise of which, accompanied by corresponding lamentation, I could distinctly hear.

Then, bordering on the garden wall, scarce twenty yards from where I usually sat, was a society of women, five or six in number, the wives and slaves of a Mussulman, who were either dissolved in tears, sobbing aloud like children, or entranced in the most indecent and outrageous merriment. Sometimes they sang in the loudest tone, accompanied by a tambourine; and then they quarrelled amongst themselves, using every now and then expressions of no ordinary indelicacy. Accident once gave me a view into their yard, where I saw three women surrounded by children, seated on the bare stones, smoking the *haloon*. They wore a large black silk handkerchief round their heads, a shift which descended as low as the middle, a pair of loose trowsers, and green high-heeled slippers; and this I believe may be considered as a sketch of every Persian woman's dress within the harem, in hot weather.

But there are noises peculiar to every city and country; and none are more distinct and characteristic than those of Persia. First, at the dawn of day, the *mus-zins* are heard in great variety of tones, calling the people to prayers from the top of the mosques; these are mixed with the sounds of cow-horns, blown by the keepers of the *hannums*, to inform the women who bathe before the men, that the baths are heated, and ready for their reception. The cow-horns set all the dogs in the city howling in a frightful manner. The asses of the town generally beginning to bray about the same time, are answered by all the asses in the neighbourhood; a thousand cocks then intrude their shrill voices, which, with the other subsidiary noises of persons calling to each other, knocking at doors, cries of children, complete a din very unusual to the ears of an European. In the Summer season, as the operations of domestic life are mostly performed in the open air, every noise is heard. At night, all sleep on the tops of their houses, their beds being spread upon their terraces, without any other covering over their heads than the vault of heaven. The poor seldom have a screen to keep them from the gaze of passengers; and as we generally rode out on horseback at a very early hour, we perceived on the tops of the houses, people either still in bed, or

just getting up, and certainly no sight was ever stranger.

The military history of the Persians is as humorous as their domestic history is strange and unamiable; we have many entertaining anecdotes on the former subject scattered through this volume. Our readers know that Abbas Mirza, the Heir apparent, residing at Tabriz, has succeeded in introducing the European system of tactics into his army, perhaps one of the most important events for his country since the days of Timour. Boasting of this improvement, and of the facility it would afford, through the use of artillery, of conquering the Uzbek Tartars, he exclaimed,

"Ah! it would indeed be an easy matter! What do they know of guns, or manoeuvres, and of firing ten times in a minute? I recollect the time when we Persians were as bad as they. My father, the Shah, once besieged a fort, and had with him one gun, with only three balls; and even this was reckoned extraordinary. He fired off two of the balls at the fort, and then summoned it to surrender. The besieged, who knew that he had only one ball left, sent him this answer: 'For God's sake fire off your other ball at us, and then we shall be free of you altogether.' He continued to say, 'The Uzbeks not long since had a famous fellow amongst them, called Beg Jan, who made them believe that he was a saint; and he excited them to take forts, and to oppose any numbers to the enemy, by promising Paradise as a reward. They went with alacrity whithersoever he directed them, and met their death with constancy. When Beg Jan was one day describing the delights of Paradise, an Uzbek asked him, 'Is there any *chappie* (plunder) in Paradise? To which the other said 'No.' 'Ah then,' said he, 'Paradise won't do for me.'

This Beg Jan's history is very curious; but we shall pursue our military extracts for the present. The unparalleled answer to the Shah's summons will perhaps be thought bolder than it appears at first sight, when we mention that even with Abbas Mirza, and his European assistance, the fort of Abbasabad, the plan of which was given by the French general Gardanne, by an architectural arrangement peculiar to the Persians, has the heaviest stones at top instead of being at the foundation, so that even without the pawnbroker's number of balls being discharged at it, large portions of the wall tumble down every year.

But the frontier or border war with the Russians, which had lasted 11 years, and was finally negotiated into a treaty of peace through our mediation, affords the finest examples of Persian tactics. At Shishbeh they surprised a Russian

post, killed 300, and took 500 prisoners and two guns. This was swelled into a grand victory, 2000 killed, 5000 taken, and 12 guns!

Upon questioning them why they exaggerated so much, when they knew how soon the falsehood would be discovered, they very ingenuously said, "If we did not know that your stubborn veracity would have come in our way, we should have said ten times as much. This is the first time our troops have made any stand at all against the Russians; and you would not surely restrict so glorious an event in our history to a few dry facts.

We wish all European conquerors were equally ingenuous. The Persians had about 14000; the Russians 800 men.

One of their articles of capitulation was, that their heads were not to be cut off; an act which in Persian and Turkish warfare is a common custom. During this fight ten tomahawks were given for every head of the enemy that was brought to the Prince; and it has been known to occur after the combat was over, that prisoners have been put to death in cold blood, in order that the heads, which are immediately dispatched to the King, and deposited in heaps at the Palace gate, might make a more considerable show. Two of the English sergeants (in the Persian service) were killed on this occasion, and after the battle was over, one of their bodies was found without its head, which was discovered among a heap of Russian heads. It had doubtless been severed by a Persian, who passing it off for a Russian head, had received the price fixed for such a commodity. The Persians lost 100 men, a circumstance which rejoiced the King's ministers exceedingly; for on no occasion before had their troops been known to approach near enough to the enemy to get killed. The death of our sergeants settled a doubt that existed among the Persians, whether or not Christians would fight against Christians in favour of Mussulmans, and this occurrence raised us not a little in their estimation.

In one of the first visits which the Ambassador paid to the Grand Vizier, he found him dictating a letter to the Governor of Mazanderan, which was to announce the defeat of the Russians. When the writer had got to the catastrophe, he asked, "How many killed am I to put?" "Write 2000 killed, 1000 made prisoners, and that the enemy were 10,000 strong." Then turning to the Ambassador, he said, "This letter has got to travel a great distance, and therefore we add in proportion." When the King saw the Ambassador, he expressed his joy at the event; and said, that he had a forewarning of it by a dream, in which he saw a Russian about to plunge a dagger into his breast, but that he had been saved by his son Abbas.

Prince Abbas, it should be told, behaved very nobly to the Russian commander, when brought wounded before him. Observing that he had, no

sword, he took off his own, which was of great value, and desired him to put it on and wear it for his sake. It may be gathered, however, from the above, that Persia owes its safety neither to the gallantry of the Prince, nor the valour of his troops, but to the absolutely impracticable nature of its frontier, through which no regular invading army could march.

(To be continued.)

*The Spirit of the Gospel; or the Four Evangelists elucidated by Explanatory Observations, Historical References, and Miscellaneous Illustrations.* By the Rev. William Stephen Gilly, M.A. Rector of North Farnbridge, Kent. London. 1818. 8vo. pp. 459.

In the present day, when so much attention is paid by numerous professors of religion to the letter of the Holy Scriptures, surely a proportionate degree of care ought to be bestowed upon inculcating the spirit of them; and this book is well adapted to answer the laudable end for which it has been undertaken. Simple in its arrangement, clear and concise in its views, always just and often elegant in its illustrations, it shews in every page that it has been composed under the happiest influence of that enviable frame of mind which it is the author's wish to inculcate, and which can be attained by no other means than by imbibing that true "spirit of the Gospel" which habitually sublimates all our views, and purifies all our feelings. The author justly observes, that "although every chapter and every verse in the Four Evangelists has been fully elucidated by different commentators, yet, before the Reader can profit by the more useful of these elucidations, he must wade through voluminous and expensive productions, and pick his weary way through the endless minutiae of verbal criticisms, controversial questions, elaborate annotations, and curious disquisitions, most of which are written in the dead languages. Many persons have on this account failed in arriving at the result of these Evangelical investigations, because they have not possessed the means or the patience for pursuing the detail."

By confining his materials within the compass of one volume, and giving all his illustrations in his own language, the author has produced a work which may be read with advantage by many, and with pleasure by all. It is dedicated to Lord Eldon, in a style of so much delicacy and elegance, as to leave nothing for the most scrupulous modesty,

or the most refined taste, to object to; and the following extracts, from the author's remarks upon the Gospel of St. John, will sufficiently shew how unassumingly he forms his conjectures, and how unaffectedly he communicates them.

Chap. ii. ver. 10. *Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now.*

There is a latitude in the original word, which our translators have rendered "well drunk;" it may be used in the sense of *drinking to excess, or drinking to cheerfulness*; and this has raised objections in the minds of some, who have attempted to argue from it, that our Saviour was present at a meeting where conviviality was carried to intemperance. But to say nothing of the absurdity of supposing that the pure and holy Jesus would remain among persons who had become inebriated, the facts themselves prove the contrary, as every body knows, who is acquainted with the classic authors. It was the express office of the ruler of the feast to keep order, as well as to furnish conversation and subjects of amusement; he was to see that there should be no *excess*, that every thing should be conducted with *sobriety and decency*. This was so perfectly understood, that Horace has a passage to this effect: 'Whoever is appointed director of the feast, I shall still be tempted to drink intemperately, in the fullness of my heart, and out of joy at your return.' (Odes, b. 2. O. v. 25. 28.) signifying that he should transgress the customary rule of preserving moderation, while the ruler of the feast presided.

Cicero has a sentence to the purpose in his speech against Verres: 'Thus this decorous and temperate prætor, who would never pay any obedience to the laws of the Roman people, could observe the regulations which were imposed over his wine.'

When there was no ruler of the feast, then the guests might drink as immoderately as they pleased, and hence the expression, 'To drink with the cup for a president.' See Horace's Satires, Sat. 11. 123.

Thus the very fact of there being a 'Governor of the feast,' implies that there was no intemperance at this 'marriage feast.'—p. 375.

The author, in further elucidation of this subject, brings several examples of the office of "Governor of the feast" being common among the Romans; and he might have instanced the practice of instituting a "Lord of misrule," or governor for the management and direction of the festivities during the twelve days after Christmas—formerly observed in the Temple and other public societies, in

our own country, and probably originally introduced by imitation of the ancients.

Chap. xi. ver. 35. *Jesus wept*—ver. 43. *Lazarus, come forth!*—These two sentences furnish us with the distinguishing characteristic of the Son of man, and the Son of God! Christ's humanity appears in his tenderness and compassion; his divinity, in the voice of authority with which he bade the dead arise, and come forth from the tomb.

With what delight do we behold the Messiah entering so far into the amiable weakness of human nature as to sympathise with the affliction of the surrounding mourners, and to mingle his tears with theirs! With what wonder and awe do we hear him assert his own omnipotence, and command the grave to restore its victim! His word was sovereign law—He had only to announce his will, and all nature was ready to obey Him. If thou wilt, said a miserable sufferer to him, upon another occasion, thou canst make me clean. I WILL, exclaimed the Saviour, and instantly the suppliant was made whole. Was not this peculiar, inherent, and resistless power?—p. 428.

It is needless to multiply extracts from a work so well calculated for general reading, and so likely to obtain general esteem; we shall therefore take our leave of it, satisfied, that to recommend it to the notice of our readers is sufficient—its own merits will gain it as much admiration, as one who writes in the "Spirit of the Gospel" will desire it to receive.

*Ashford Rectory, or the Spoiled Child reformed.*—By Frances Thurtle, author of the *History of France, Memoirs of Brilliante, &c.* London 1818. 12mo. pp. 390.

This is a work expressly designed for the instruction of youth, and the author has very wisely chosen the interlocutory mode of conveying her information, as being the most captivating, by reason that instruction and amusement are derived through the same medium. The characters employed in this little drama are brought forward chiefly to illustrate the advantages to be derived from a well digested plan of domestic education, under which the author has given some very useful lessons in the polite arts, heraldry, Grecian and Roman history; and her descriptions of the beautiful, or terrific or sublime scenes of nature, are not the least commendable part of the volume. Here the noblest and purest passions of the young may be inflamed, their understanding enlightened, their errors corrected, and their heart made better by lessons of virtue.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR JUNE 1818.

(Concluded.)

Voyage to the Mouth of the Black Sea, or Essay on the Bosphorus, and that part of the Delta of Thrace which comprises the system of Waters that supply Constantinople; preceded by General Considerations on Physical Geography: with an Atlas, composed of a new Chart of the Bosphorus and of the Channel of the Black Sea, and several other new Designs. By Count Andreossy.

This long title does not indicate all that the work contains, for the general considerations on physical geography which precede it, and form the introduction, are themselves preceded by a long preliminary discourse, which treats of Byzantium, of Constantinople; and of the present state of the Ottoman Empire. The work itself, or the *Essay on the Bosphorus*, properly so called, is divided into two books: The first, entitled the *Thracian Bosphorus*, is designed to prove that the formation of the channel of the Black Sea did not originate in particular circumstances; but that it is as ancient as the two seas of which it forms the communication. The second book gives a description of the water-courses which supply Constantinople, and is no further connected with the first than by the maps of the Atlas, which serve to illustrate both. The notes at the end of the work treat also of subjects of different kinds, which have more or less connection with each other. Lastly, the volume is terminated by a table of contents, which must be also read with attention; because, instead of merely referring to the pages of the book, it contains in alphabetical order many things of which nothing is said in the work itself.

In the rapid sketch contained in the preliminary discourse, the author shews himself a practised statesman and writer: he gives a high idea of the present sovereign of Turkey. In the space of two years, Sultan Mahmoud II. had entirely checked the Janissaries; he had detached from them the body of the Uleimas, who, in the revolutions of the seraglio, made common cause with them; he had dispersed the Wechabites, and reestablished the pilgrimages to Mecca; he had retaken Widdin, and reconquered Servia. Not to be dispensed from governing by himself, he chose for his Vizir a man without talents; he most strictly watches over the Divan, and leaves it but a shadow of power. Active, laborious, impenetrably secret, a zealous observer of his religion, faithful to his word, temperate, and a respecter of morals, Sultan Mahmoud II. (in the author's opinion) may justly be looked upon as a phenomenon for Turkey.

In the introduction, which follows the preliminary discourse, the author has attempted to condense into a certain number of propositions all the truths of physical geography which he has collected in the course of his reading, or discovered by his

own observations. This introduction seems to be rather confused; redundant in some points, and deficient in others. Perhaps the author would have done better to have reserved for a separate work, a subject so extensive, and which he appears to have particularly studied: the few pages into which he has been obliged to compress his theory, might then have been usefully employed in fully illustrating the two propositions, or rather general facts, which are all that is required for his object, and are the basis of his whole first book. These two propositions are placed at a great distance from each other, and confounded with others of which he makes no application in his Essay. We will put them together and explain them, in order to make the author's idea perfectly clear and precise.

1. In the course of its direction, a chain of mountains cannot let its waters flow off, otherwise than by its lateral declivities; if it lets them flow off in the direction of its length, this is a proof that it terminates in this place.

2. The summits of the principal chains of mountains, as well as those of their branches (embranchemens) follow a line, declining from their origin, to the great seas or inland seas, and also to the proximity of a neighbouring chain belonging to another system of mountains: whence it may be inferred, that when the directions of the longitudinal extremities of two central chains approach each other under any angle, these chains do not immediately unite, and their correlative extremities are separated by an interval. Between the great seas, or between the inland seas, these intervals form straits. These communications in general are not owing to particular, more or less extraordinary, phenomena, but are a part of the primitive organization of the globe.

By the application of these two facts, or of these incontestable truths to the two coasts of the channel of the Black Sea, Count Andreossy concludes that this channel is formed by the interval left between two systems (or chains) of mountains, which terminate at this place; and as there is no agreement between the topography of the two coasts of this Strait, he maintains that there never could have been any junction of the one to the other. Without entering into any further detail, we shall only say that Count Andreossy has added, on this subject, a great fact to those already known, and that his arguments appear to us to have all the characters of demonstration.

This first book contains, besides a great deal of new and useful information, such as the barometrical elevations of the two coasts of the Bosphorus, its lithology, a chapter on the Giant's Mountain, on the currents of the Bosphorus, on Constantinople, on its ports, &c. &c.

The second and last book is quite new, both with respect to the subject of which it treats, and the results which it affords; it is called, "On that part of the Delta of Thraee bounded by the Extremity of the Balkan, the Bosphorus, and the Propontis,

comprising the System of Waters which supply Constantinople." It will be read with extreme interest by engineers. M. Walckenaer, the reviewer, finds great fault with the maps. To illustrate his principles of physical geography, the author has engraved in one sheet two maps of that part of the south of France, through which the canal of Languedoc passes. These maps do not at all agree with each other; that on the right hand is good; that on the left is extremely faulty, particularly in the most essential parts, that is to say, those for which the author designed it, and which are the subject of his observations. The maps intended to illustrate the second book, on the Delta, are engraved upon so small a scale that it is not always possible to follow upon them the descriptions with which they are accompanied. It is to be hoped that the author will publish in a manner worthy of so fine a work, the great map of the environs of Constantinople. Count Andreossy informs us that this fine map was made from a survey under his direction, by Messrs. Thomassin and Vincent, captains of Engineers; and Moreton de Chabrilant, Captain of Artillery, who prosecuted this work with extraordinary zeal and attention. It was during the dreadful ravages of the plague in 1813 and 1814, that the author and the three Officers traversed the environs of the Bosphorus and of Constantinople, which had never been explored before, and was a real conquest for geography, topography, and the arts. These peaceful occupations, directed to a useful end, diverted his thoughts from the horrors of the time. "The second year in particular we had full liberty in our excursions; all the Greek villages were deserted; the inhabitants, struck with terror, had abandoned their houses and fled into the woods. Resigned as they are to fate, the Turks shut themselves up in their homes. A profound silence brooded over this land of desolation; only interrupted, as we approached the villages, by the mournful and plaintive barking of the dogs, deprived of the support and of the sight of their masters, of whom the greater part had perished, and the others had fled to a distance."

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### ROYAL EVENING CONVERSATIONS,

OR

### LESSONS ON THE ART OF GOVERNMENT.

(Attributed to Frederic III. of Prussia, as addressed to his Nephew and Heir apparent, afterward Frederic IV.)

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,

Agreeably to my promise, I send you the second chapter of the *Royal Evening Conversations*; on which I have to observe, that, although certain passages occur in the anonymous extracts given in your Number for May 9, which do not appear

in my translation, I have omitted nothing which exists in my French original, except (in one place marked with asterisks) a few words, little important in themselves, and not well admitting a translation into English.

I am, Sir,  
Your humble Servant,  
and constant Reader,  
JOHN CAREY.

West Square, September 8.

## EVENING II.

### Of Religion.

Religion is indispensably necessary in a state. This is an axiom, which it were madness to call in question. A king betrays great want of judgment if he suffer any mis-use of religion to prevail among his subjects; but, at the same time, he is a fool, if he harbour the slightest regard for it himself. Attend carefully to my words, my dear Nephew! There is nothing which exercises such tyrannic sway over the heart and the mind, as religion; since it accords not either with our passions, or with those enlarged political views which a monarch ought to entertain. If we fear God—or, more properly speaking, the Devil—we become poor timid devotees. \* Are we tempted to avail ourselves of a convenient opportunity to seize on a neighbouring province?—a whole army of demons present themselves on the frontier, to oppose our invasion: we are weak enough to think the enterprise criminal; and we proportion the degree of punishment to that of the supposed guilt.—Do we wish to conclude a treaty with a foreign prince?—If we once do but recollect that we are Christians, we are undone, and shall, in every instance, be unavoidably cheated.—As for war, that is a business, in which the smallest atom of scruple would ruin every thing. In fact, what honest man would ever consent to take the field, if we had not a right to establish rules authorising pillage, conflagration, and butchery?

I would not, however, be understood to intimate that it were proper for us to make public profession of irreligion, and to carry an atheistical creed openly pinned on our sleeve:† but I say that we ought to conform our ideas to the rank which we occupy in life. Every one of the popes, who possessed a single grain of common sense, pursued a regular system of aggrandisement; and it would be the height of folly in a prince to attend to pitiful minutiae, which are only calculated for the vulgar. Besides, the most effectual expedient, for banishing fanaticism from his dominions, is, to be himself perfectly indifferent on the subject of religion. Take my word, my dear Nephew, Holy Mother Church has her maggots as

\* "On devient Capucin," literally, "one becomes a Capuchin."

† "Afficher l'impudé et l'athéisme." Though "afficher" literally signifies "to post up," (in which sense it seems to have been understood by the translator of the extracts) it also figuratively signifies, as here "openly to profess."

well as other folk. Be it, therefore, your study to show yourself a philosopher in this particular; and you will find that no dispute of any consequence will ever arise in your kingdom, on the chapter of religion: for it is only on the weakness of the prince that parties build their strength.

One important observation I would make to you, which is, that your ancestors have, in this respect, pursued a most judicious line of conduct; they effected a reformation, which, in the eyes of the world, gave them all the merit of apostles, while, at the same time, it filled their coffers. That was, beyond all doubt, the most rational innovation that ever was made in affairs of this kind: but, as there now no longer remains any thing to be gained by a new reform, and it would, at the present day, be rather dangerous to tread in their steps, the safest plan is to content ourselves with allowing universal toleration. Bear this principle in mind, my dear Nephew; and be ever ready to say, as I do, "My subjects worship God as they please, and conduct their amours as they can:" for, if once you appear in the smallest degree to neglect this maxim, all is ruined and lost in your kingdom—and for the following reason—

The inhabitants of my dominions consist of different sects: in certain provinces, the Calvinists are in possession of every post of honor or profit; in others, the Lutherans enjoy the same advantageous pre-eminence; in others, again, the Catholics predominate to such a degree, that the king cannot send thither above one or two Protestant commissioners. As to the Jews, they are a set of poor devils, who are not, at bottom, quite so bad as the world represents them: they pay handsomely; and, after all, they cheat none but fools.—As our ancestors embraced *Christianism* in the ninth century, to please the Emperors; *Lutheranism* in the sixteenth, to seize on the property of the church; and *Calvinism* in the seventeenth, to gratify the Dutch, on account of the succession of Cleves; surely we may now safely venture to embrace the doctrine of *Indifferentism*, for the sake of maintaining peace and harmony in our dominions.

My father had an excellent project in contemplation; he had engaged the President Loen to compose for him a little treatise on religion, with a view to effect a coalition of the three sects, and blend them into one. In that performance, the President lashed the pope pretty soundly; treated Saint Joseph as an old simpleton; wrung the ears of Saint Roch's dog; and pulled St. Antony's pig by the tail. He professed to disbelieve the story of the chaste Susanna; considered Saint Bernard and Saint Dominic as court parasites; denied, point-blanc, the saintship of Saint Francis de Sales; and held the eleven thousand virgins in no higher estimation, than the saints and martyrs of the Jesuits' school. As to mysteries, he agreed

that we must not attempt to explain them, but must endeavour to affix a rational meaning to every thing, without tying ourselves down to the literal import of the words.

With respect to the Lutherans, he considered them as the main pillar which was to support his whole fabric: he would have the Catholics to relax a little in their fidelity to the court of Rome: but, on the other hand, he insisted that the Lutherans should display less keenness in argumentation; and he declared himself convinced, that, if some trifling distinctions were once done away, the two parties would be found at no great distance from the point of union. He apprehended, indeed, that there would be greater difficulty in bringing the Calvinists to approach that point, because their pretensions were more numerous than those of the Lutherans.—Meantime, however, he proposed an excellent expedient to remove the grand obstacle: and this was, that each individual should make God alone the depositary of his secrets, when he approached the communion-table.

He considered the worship of images as a necessary lure for the vulgar, and was of opinion, that a peasant must have a saint of some kind or other to look up to. As to the monks and friars, he was for banishing them altogether, because he viewed them in the light of enemies, who laid the public under heavy contributions.—With respect to the secular priests, he allowed them to make wives of their housekeepers: but this part of his plan excited great clamor; for those worthy dames asserted that he had infringed on the respect due to them, and been guilty of sacrilege in meddling with the mysteries of the church.

If that pamphlet had been relished, every effort would have been used, for carrying into execution the plan that had been concerted. For my part, I have not lost sight of it; and I even hope to pave the way for your future success in conducting it to a happy issue. The steps which I am taking for that purpose are these—

I use my endeavours, that every literary production, which makes its appearance in my dominions, may be featured with a marked contempt for all those who have stood foremost in the work of reformation; and I never let slip the slightest opportunity of unmasking the ambitious views of the court of Rome, and of the priests of every sect. I thus gradually accustom my subjects in general to entertain the same sentiments with myself, and shall at length succeed in eradicating all their prejudices.

But, as they must have a religion of some kind, I intend, in due time, (if I live long enough) to bring forward some man of genius and elocution, who shall present them with one. At first I will affect the appearance of a disposition to persecute him: but, gradually relaxing from my supposed hostility, I will at length declare myself his protector, and warmly espouse his system.

§ "Prêtres et ministres"—Catholic priests, and preachers of the reformed sects.

That system—to tell you the truth—is already framed. Voltaire has composed the preamble, in which he proves the necessity of setting aside every thing that has hitherto been said on the subject of religion, because there is no one point upon which the various sectaries have ever been able to agree. He further gives a portrait of each of the different founders of sects, with a freedom of coloring which displays the most imposing features of truth: and he has discovered and brought to light many curious anecdotes of popes, bishops, priests, and presbyters, all together shedding o'er his work a lively and attractive charm, while it is written in a style so concise and rapid, that the reader has not time for reflection: and, like an able orator, perfectly master of the most acute and consummate art, he wears an appearance of the greatest imaginable candor, at the very time when he is advancing positions of the most questionable complexion.

D'Alembert and Maupertuis have furnished the body of the work: and they have calculated all the details with such minute precision, as would tempt you to believe that they had actually endeavoured to convince themselves of the truth of their new doctrine, before they undertook to produce conviction in the minds of others.

Rousseau has now been four years employed in preparing answers to every foreseen objection: and with heart-felt delight I anticipate the triumph that I shall one day enjoy in mortifying all those lofty prelates and starched presbyters, who shall dare to contradict us.—He has already prepared a series of fifty conclusive arguments on each of the disputed points, and at least thirty reflexions upon every important article in the whole Bible.—He is now, moreover, engaged in proving that the whole of what is preached up to mankind at the present day, is a mere fable; that no such place as the terrestrial Paradise ever existed; and that it is a degradation of the Deity to believe that he created, as his own image and likeness, a simple booby; and, as the masterpiece of his workmanship, a profitable jade. §

The Marquis D'Argenson and Monsieur Formey have projected the plan of a council, in which I am to preside; but without pretending to have received from the Holy Ghost a single breath of inspiration beyond what has fallen to the share of any other individual present. There shall be admitted only one minister of each religious sect, together with four deputies from each province, two of whom shall be chosen from the nobility, and the other two from the commons. All the rest of the priests, presbyters, monks, and friars, shall be excluded, as parties too deeply interested in the business: and, in order that the assembly may the more evidently appear to be actuated by the present influence of the Holy Ghost, it shall, in the first instance,

|| "Ces Monseigneurs, et ces Ministres empêtés."

§ "Un franc nigaud" . . . . "une franche libertine."

‡ "De peuvres diables."

be laid down as the invariable rule of our proceedings, that every point in debate shall be fairly and honestly decided by the plain dictates of common sense.

(Evening III. in our next.)

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

*Crystallization of Tin.*—We laid before our readers, in No. 76 of the *Literary Gazette*, a particular account of the method and effect produced by this discovery, and feel much pleasure in marking its progress, which is materially assisted by Messrs. Blakemore and James, in the preparation of the plates in a different manner, which they denominate armorphous plates, rendering the surface of them more crystallisable than by the common method.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### LINES

ON THE FUNERAL OF AN ENGLISH OFFICER  
IN SPAIN, 1813.

I heard the muffled drum beat slow,  
I heard the soft flute's tones of woe,  
I saw the coffin in the ground,  
And the loud volley fired around—  
And many a manly veteran there,  
With faltering step and bow of care,  
Dashed from his eye the tear that fell  
In token of a last farewell.

A rustic stone upon the grave  
Its feeble information gave:  
The name, the youthful years, it told,  
Of him who there lay silent—cold—  
How he had died the hero's death,  
In Victory's arms resign'd life's breath.  
'Tis o'er—and now unheard by thee  
The warning of a world shall be!  
Yes—in the stranger's land he sleeps,  
No mother o'er the green turf weeps;  
Nor must she ever—ever know  
The spot where he she loved lies low.  
Yet be this grave to memory dear,  
An English Soldier slumbers here!  
The Spaniard—as he wanders by,  
Shall view the mound with pensive eye,  
With grateful throb his bosom swell,  
For those who nobly fought and fell.  
Youth! from thy blessed land they came,  
With warrior might and patriot flame,  
And buried in the earth of Spain  
The 'Bravest of the brave' remain.

ISABEL.

### THE TYROLESE GIRL.

*Written after the French Invasion of the Tyrol.*

Félicité passée  
Qui ne peux revenir,  
Tourment de ma pensée  
Que n'ai je en te perdant, perdu le souvenir.

You would not wonder, (had you seen  
In happier days our fields of green,  
Our mountains, skies, and lucid streams,  
Like colourings of the poets' dreams—)  
You would not wonder I should grieve  
Those scenes of loveliness to leave.

Oh, never shall I see on earth  
A land like this that gave me birth,  
Or hearts so kind, so brave, so true,  
As those my blissful youth once knew:  
Yet virtue, valour, could not save—  
And those hearts slumber in the grave.

With tempest-roar, with lightning-flame,  
The Tyrant and his myriads came—  
They laid our peaceful valleys waste,  
Her Sons with chains would have disgraced.  
How fought the Tyrolese—how fell—  
Stranger! the tale is known too well.

But never, never can you know  
The deep, the agonizing woe  
We felt, when man could do no more—  
When Freedom died, and all was o'er!  
God of our fathers! in that hour  
Warred not with us thy mighty power.

No!—you could ne'er retrace this scene  
For what it had so lately been—  
The ruined cot, the untilled ground,  
All—all—so desolate around!  
No minstrel wanders through the vale,  
No voice floats on the evening gale.

It was so different!—at this hour,  
Resting within some shadowy bower,  
We listened—with what anxious ear!  
The homeward mountain-horn to hear,  
And watched the crimson setting sun,  
For then our evening dance begun.

The spot our feet once careless prest;  
Oh slumber there in endless rest  
The maidens' hope, the matrons' pride—  
The Youth who for their Country died!  
Since then is all a desert ground,  
And I remain alone, alone.

Companions, friends, for ever dear!  
No longer ye inhabit here—  
Yet wonder not that I should grieve  
Those scenes of loveliness to leave,  
For never shall I see on earth  
A land like this that gave me birth.

ISABEL.

### A TRADITION.

TRAVELLER.

This is a lovely spot—Here let us rest  
Beneath this branching oak, and make the grass  
Our bed awhile.—Shepherd! this spot indeed  
Were worthy some tradition—Hast thou none  
Stored in thy memory, to beguile the time  
While the sky burns above us?—why, methinks  
The very seasons blend, flinging the buds  
Of Spring in the lap of Summer—Every tree  
That prodigal Nature gives, springs forth, and  
seems

The fairest of its kind—The poplar there  
Shoots up its spire, and shakes its leaves i' the  
sun

Fantastical; while 'round its slender base  
Rambles the sweet-breathed woodbine—There,  
beside,

Grooms the dark cypress; and the ash seems to  
sigh,

Leat it should fling its berries to the blast—  
There steals the vine—there the pale rose her  
head

Hangs, like a love-sick girl—on high the cedar  
Stoops, like a monarch to his people bending,  
And casts his sweets around him.—Where are we?

GUIDE.

I know the place—now that the Spring hath  
dropt  
Its sweets, chequering the sward with flow'rs—  
This was

A Dryad's home—Beneath this ancient oak,  
(First o' the forest) that spreads its feathery arm  
Abroad, and stands again regenerate,  
She liv'd.—She lov'd, it seems, a Mortal, but  
The fairest youth in Phocis—on his brow  
Sate a mild beauty—(such the ancients paint  
Hylas, or Hyacinth, or, who died self slain,  
Narcissus)—Here she passed her life, and caught  
Youth from the changing year—She lov'd to lie  
At noontide on yon slope, and muse upon  
Her sad and lonely destiny.—At last,  
Quitting her sacred tree (here had she dwelt  
The spirit of the place) she plunged within  
Yon bend of the Cephissus, where you see  
The waves flow darker, and the ripples sink  
To silence—yet she died not—for some god,  
(Then watching from his orb) preserved the  
nymph,

And fixed her in the skies—a star, 'tis thought,  
For, e'er when the setting sun departs  
On April evenings, or in early May,  
(That time she left us) a pale star is seen  
Brightly to shine on that part of the stream  
Wherein she plunged; and ever when it shines,  
The trees around the place are mov'd, as if  
By airs from Heaven, and sweetness breathes  
around—

The dark pines bend their heads—that sacred  
oak

Lets fall its leaves, as when, on Autumn nights,  
The North wind (Winter's fierce precursor) roams  
Amongst the branches, howling, and disrobes  
The shrubs of all their green—Pale Syrx then  
Moans in the reeds—and sweet Aglaia (she  
Still constant to the inconstant rivulet)  
Troubles the faint Cephissus' course, and breathes  
Music along the waters.—

October 1817.

W.

### A MORNING IN SPRING.

It was the budding time—the Sun till now  
Had veil'd from us his glory-circled brow,  
Since, turning from pale Autumn's tears, he  
drowns

His flame-hoof'd steeds where many a palm-tree  
grove

Waves on the fragrant bank of Oman's tide,  
To seek a love more young and laughing-eyed:  
But when the beauty from her fresh cheeks faded,  
Even like the roses which their lustre shaded,  
Inconstant thro' the western azure roll'd  
Once more, unmask'd with clouds, his car of  
gold,

To welcome forth the flowery-vestured Spring,  
Whose voice had set our woodlands echoing.  
Freed Nature flung her ice-link'd fetters hence,  
And breath'd the magic of her influence  
Around; while spirits seem'd, on viewless plume,  
To waft thro' heaven each new-born flower's  
perfume:

The bee had spied that cinque-ray'd star which  
glows

Within the bosom of the pale primrose;  
The violet peep'd thro' bush leaves waving o'er  
her,

And found the snow-drop had awoke before her;  
And the blush-rose drew back her hood of green;  
But came not out, because her sister queen,  
The pale-cheek'd lily, in her close pavilion  
Lay still entranc'd; and, scatter'd round, a  
million

Of little flowers on every bank look'd forth  
Beneath some bush between them and the North,  
And from their gaudy censers had begun  
To offer up fresh incense to the Sun;

The stream, till then thro' leafless coppice  
darkling,  
Play'd, like the heart's glad current, pure and  
sparkling;

And sun-smiles chased the shadows, as they flew  
O'er wood and hill; and in a heaven of blue  
Glanced many wings, before all droop'd and dull,  
As shooting eve-stars, brief and beautiful:  
And eye, since Morn had left her chamber blush-  
ing,  
Wild melodies thro' glen and grove were gush-  
ing:

Motionless, yet as cheerful lay the Deep  
As some young beauty smiling in her sleep;  
And while the clouds past o'er, or sun peep'd  
through,  
The waves changed colour—answering hue for  
hue;

Sometimes a moving sheet of sapphire shone—  
And then the emerald's liquid tint came on:  
That day the Deep was Nature's palette made,  
Whereon she wrought her colours—and display'd  
The hue of every beautiful thing—the bloom  
Of July roses, and the purple plume,  
For ever changing, on the dove's smooth neck;  
The burnish'd scales with many a golden speck  
(Like studded armour) on the surging snake;  
Those pearls they dive for in the orient lake;  
The peach's cheek-like beauty—blushing well;  
The diamond eye-ball of the wild gazell:  
And O, ten thousand other tints, forgot—  
That came across one like a pleasant thought!

EUSTACE.

## THE GROUND SWELL†

*Written on the Breakwater, Plymouth Sound.*

The Sun is high, the Atlantic is unfann'd  
E'en by the breathings of the gentle West,  
And yet the broad blue flood is not at rest.  
Amid the holy calm on sea and land  
There is a murmuring on the distant strand,  
And silently though Ocean heaves its breast,  
The shoreward swellings wear a feathery crest,  
And meet the opposing rocks in conflict grand.

These ships that dare the eternal winds and seas,  
In the commotion roll without a breeze,  
And as their sides the huge upswellings lave,  
His flagging sails the listless seaman seers,  
And wishes rather for the winds to rave,  
And, like an arrow, dart him o'er the wave.

*Plymouth Dock.*

N. T. C.

† The Ground Swell is principally occasioned  
by storms in the Atlantic, which agitate the sea  
many days after the tempests have ceased. The  
ocean heaves, as it were, in masses, but its sur-  
face is quite smooth, i.e. unbroken into waves,  
and without foam, except where it comes in  
contact with the coast.

## SONG

FROM THE FRENCH OF FLORIAN.

This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

The pleasures of Love in a moment fly,  
The torments of Love endure till we die;  
For Sylvia with all once so dear did I part—  
She left me, and gave to another her heart.  
The pleasures of Love but a moment endure;  
The torments of Love admit of no cure.

So sure as this stream shall softly flow  
To meet the clear river which glides below,  
So sure shall I love thee—said Sylvia to me:  
The stream still flows—but changed is she.  
The pleasures of Love in a moment fly;  
The torments of Love endure till we die.

ISABEL.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

## No. X.

## SITTING FOR A PICTURE.

*Painter.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.  
Here is a touch; is't good?

*Poet.* I'll say of it,  
It tutors nature: artificial strife  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

SHAKESPEARE.—*Timon of Athens.*

Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare,  
Match Raphael's grace with much loved Guido's  
air,  
Caracci's strength, Corregio's softer line,  
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage,  
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.  
Beauty, frail flower, that every season fears,  
Blossoms in these colours for a thousand years.

POPE.

Painting, dejected, views a vulgar band,  
From every haunt of dulness in the land,  
In heathen homage to her shrine repair,  
And immolate all living merit there.

SHEE'S *Rhymes on Art.*

"Do now be a good creature and accom-  
pany me to my Painter's," were  
Lady Jane Mandeville's words on per-  
ceiving me at the Cocoa-tree door, and  
on stopping her carriage. "There is  
nothing so stupid as sitting for one's  
picture," continued she, "and I know that  
you are a good soul, and will amuse me  
with your society during the trying hour  
of being studied by the Painter. Upon  
my word, I wonder how many a hand-  
some timid girl can stand the trial: it is  
quite awful: besides, one is so apt to  
get into low spirits from the effect of  
ennui, and it is so excessively tiresome.  
So step into the carriage, and I shall be  
for ever obliged to you. I have given  
two sittings; yet I perceive something  
wanting to the likeness, which I am at  
a loss to describe, and which your  
superior judgment will point out."

The last compliment acted on me as  
a bribe; yet I saw that it was her Lady-  
ship's intention to make a convenience  
of me. My age, however, and my  
habits, favoured the thing: I was weak  
enough to be pleased with a remark so  
much in my favour, and to comply.  
We arrived at the Painter's, and were  
shewn into a room where the easel and  
half finished portrait stood. Lady Jane  
looked it through, examined, looked  
again, shook her head, and appeared  
dissatisfied. "That," said she to me,  
"is not me; it wants something; what

is it?" "It wants life," replied I, "it  
wants the variety of expression of your  
countenance, which changes frequently,  
and thus cheats the artist of the likeness  
which he, for a moment, had in his  
power; another expression, agreeable  
and engaging, presents itself to his  
view; and he is compelled to quit the  
last play of features, which, if continued,  
would have been perfect. Thus, for  
instance, you smiled; he caught that  
smile; but it died upon your lips and in  
your eyes just as he was impressing it  
on the canvass. He looks up; he finds  
you pensive and grave—another coun-  
tenance; "Pray, my Lady, smile again:"  
you cannot: the next attempt is un-  
natural; it is not a smile; the artist is  
puzzled; he looks at you again and  
again; the charm of the last smile is  
broken; you make a dozen unsuccessful  
attempts in order to satisfy the painter;  
you grow impatient; the placidity of  
your brow is ruffled; the artist lays  
down his brush; he too is out of temper,  
but he cannot shew it; he pauses, he  
reflects; he begs you to sit unconcerned;  
"Sorry to give you so much trouble;"  
what can he do?—He paints upon re-  
collection, and fails. Now had an ap-  
proved and approving, a loved and loving  
swain been before you, and had said,  
"Lovely Lady Jane, smile as you did  
this moment, for it was the most wily,  
winning smile I ever beheld," you would  
have immediately smiled all heart, and  
the painter would have seized the happy  
moment."

"You are a wicked man, a practised  
flatterer, a gay deceiver," exclaimed her  
Ladyship, hitting me amicably with her  
parasol; "but do tell me what the pic-  
ture wants. It is stiff; it is grave; it  
looks like a woman of thirty: in short,  
it is not me; and I have half a mind  
not to take it."—I saw immediately  
its defects in her eyes: it was not hand-  
some enough—not ten years younger  
than herself—in a word, not sufficiently  
flattering; but I could not tell her so.  
"It wants," resumed I, as I said before,  
your play of features; it cannot, like  
you, say the most amiable things in the  
world, nor do the most friendly ones;  
it has not your wit, your conversation,  
your knowledge of the world, and your  
obliging disposition—such things exist  
not in canvass; and it is not the Painter's  
fault. Perhaps," continued I, "it has a  
little too much colour." "Not a bit,"  
(for she was pleased with its improved  
complexion;) "but," concluded she,  
"it is too old." "Perhaps it may." She  
was deeply dissatisfied.

We now heard very loud talking in

the next room. She recognised Mrs. Blossom's voice. "Let us listen," said she. "It is that vain creature, Mrs. Blossom! I'm sure if Mr. Varnish takes a faithful likeness of her, it will be a fright, and it will be the first faithful thing about her." "How severe!" said I; "Oh! I hate her," answered her Ladyship; "but hush." Upon listening attentively, we discovered that she was come to get her daughter Laura's portrait taken. The poor artist was to be pitied. Nothing could satisfy her. It had been far more candid to have said, I must have a Venus instead of my daughter; you must make this woman an angel in picture; the colours must breathe—there must be the *spirante colore* of the Italian artist; yet it must be my daughter in spite of nature and of art. "I will have Laura painted at her harp," said Mrs. Blossom. "She must be clad in white—light drapery of exquisite design—her bosom and her arms bare—a lily of the valley in the former—her raven locks fancifully arranged—one shed over her forehead—a favourite ringlet straying o'er her ivory neck"—"You paint so beautifully yourself, Madam," observed the artist, "that I shall execute nothing half so well; but the young Lady will make a most interesting (laying a false emphasis on resting) picture, and I will do my best to please you; your idea is excellent, and I shall follow it with the utmost care." "Yes," resumed Mrs. Blossom, "I am allowed to have a very fine taste for painting," (for painting herself she had.)

"But stop, not so quick," exclaimed Mrs. Blossom, "another thought has come into my mind—I will have her painted at full length—a light drapery hanging over one shoulder—the other quite bare—her hair *a la victime* behind, and fastened up on the top of the head—one lock over the left shoulder, long, full, and natural, and finely contrasted with the whiteness of her bosom—her head half turned (this was enough to turn it altogether)—her eyes drooping—a book in one hand—the other arm reclining on an elegantly executed pillar." "Very good; indeed!" cried the Painter, "the young Lady's fine silken eyelashes and full eyes will have a fine effect in this pensive attitude."

"Not at all," interrupted the partial and fanciful mother; "now I have a better thought: she shall be painted as Diana—a beautiful greyhound of ours at her feet, which will be a double advantage, as it will bring in a favourite—then we will have her drapery looped up in front, and her well proportioned, finely

turned instep, etcetera, thus displayed to advantage—her bow suspended from her shoulders—the head-dress exactly like that of the goddess in question." "Admirable!" exclaimed Mr. Varnish. "Or if she were drawn as Hebe, or—"

Here we had no longer patience, and we left our listening station. "Fool!" cried Lady Jane, and, ringing the bell, ordered the footman to remind his master, that Lady Jane Mandeville was waiting, and that she was pressed for time. The Artist entered, all confusion and excuses, and told us that he had been detained for an hour by a Lady, who at last went away undetermined as to how her daughter was to be drawn.

Lady Jane, who had so blamed and so ridiculed Mrs. Blossom for her conceit and fantasticalness, now began herself to play the difficult. She found a thousand faults with the picture, and was quite angry with me for not finding a thousand more. "The eye wants light," observed she; "I will give it a little," answered the Painter. "And the bosom should be fuller." He made it so, although it was nearer the truth at first. "It is too old," said she next. He retouched it. The likeness, or rather the portrait, was more flattering. (Lady Jane) "That's better! Now I'll have the head-dress altered; it shall be like those of the Greek models. (Artist) 'Your Ladyship shall be obeyed.' "And that nose again is frightful. I am sure that I have not that pert turned-up thing which you have given me." The Painter looked all confounded: his eyes said, "Pray what nose would your Ladyship please to have?" but he could not express himself so. He pondered, and at last painted a very handsome nose, quite unlike the original; for Lady Jane is pleasing, without the least pretensions to regularity of features, or to what may be termed beauty, and she has precisely the nose objected to.

By this time the picture was grown very unlike indeed. "That's better," said she, with a nod and a smile. "Come, my friend," continued she, addressing herself to me, "tell me some of your excellent anecdotes, in order to put me in good humour with myself." "And with me also," modestly added the Painter. "There, my Lady, that smile will do inimitably." She turned her head, and was uneasy; she looked all impatience; it was lost. "You do not sit so well as you did yesterday—not so pleasantly, nor in such good spirits," observed the artist. "Oh! I remember—yes, I had that rattle George Myrtle

of the Guards with me, who kept talking nonsense to me the whole time of my sitting; do excuse me for this morning, and I'll come again to-morrow, and bring him with me." Mr. Varnish dropped his brush, and bowed disappointment—"Just as your Ladyship pleases."

We all rose together; and as he was conducting us to the door we met Mrs. Versatile and Lady Bellamy. "Do, my love," said the former to Lady Jane, "return with me to the painting room, and see if you can find out my portrait; it is not quite finished, although I have sat ten times"—"Yes," interrupted the artist, "for ten minutes each time;" "But," continued she, "if the likeness be striking, you will know it immediately." We re-entered the room, and, by an approving smile and a glance of Mrs. Versatile's, we discovered a most beautiful picture to be her's; not by the likeness, but by her self-satisfaction at being so flattered. We both agreed that it was uncommonly like. Lady Bellamy grew pale with envy; and Lady Jane observed hastily, "Mr. Varnish has not taken half so much pains with my picture as with yours." He modestly answered, "Madam, it is not yet finished;" whilst Mrs. Versatile smiled disdain, as much as to say, "Poor silly thing! do you ever expect to look half so well as me?"

Mrs. Versatile then addressed herself to the artist. "Mr. Varnish, I really do (laying a stress on the last word) beg your pardon for being so troublesome to you, but you must excuse me to-day: I was up all night at a quadrille ball; and I shall fall asleep, or do nothing but yawn if I sit down (turning to the looking-glass;) I protest that I look quite a fright; I will not (the *not* sounded very positive and emphatically) sit to-day." He bowed submission; and it came out afterwards that she had disappointed him five times running: once she was engaged to a *dejeuné*; once she had a sick head-ach; the third time she disapproved of her dress, which was to be changed; next she looked too pale after riding; and lastly, she was fluttered and put out of temper, and could not, as she called it, "bear herself, because she looked so unbecoming."

To all these changes of temper and disappointments are artists exposed: Her Grace is so disordered by the high wind, that she is not fit to be seen;—Lady so and so has had no rest, and her eyes look quite red;—Miss Lovemore is so fidgetty that she cannot sit still; she is going to a waltz party, and will put off

the sitting until to-morrow.—Lady Belamy now put in her word; for she had a picture which did not half please her, and which was to be altered. "Mr. Varnish," said she, "my husband does not approve of my picture (the case with many husbands, thought I:); he says that it is a stiff, prim, formal piece of stuff." The Painter looked all patience. "It is not half as gay as I am (some truth in that:); it is unlike about the eyes; it must be touched up again and improved; besides, my husband says that he must have me in an easy undress, instead of that crimson robe and feathers." 'Just as your husband pleases,' answered the tormented artist.

We now took our leave; and Lady Jane set me down at Hookham's, observing on the way, that Mrs. Versatile's picture was not a bit like her, that Mr. Varnish had made a perfect beauty of her; and that she much regretted having her portrait painted by him, as she did not admire his likenesses at all.

On my way home, I could not help ruminating on the painful task of the Painter, and recollected that very few of the portraits, which we saw in his show-room, were strong likenesses of those for whom they were taken. The two great causes for this, however, were, that almost every body wishes to be flattered, while some others have the conceit of being painted in dresses foreign to their situation in life, and in which their acquaintances can never possibly have seen them.

There was, for instance, Lord Heavyhead in the costume of a Roman senator, which he is as like as he is to a windmill; the Reverend Mr. Preachhard, in a scarlet hunting frock and black velvet cap, which he used to wear before his ordination, and a fox's brush instead of the Bible in his hands; a Captain Fairweather, in a suit of polished armour; a Mrs. Modish, as a Magdalen; and the Dowager Lady Lumber, as a sleeping Venus, having a little more modest drapery thrown over her. Now, who on earth could expect to discover their friends under such disguises? Yet to all these whims and fantasies must the painter submit. His task to please must be difficult.

Of one thing I was convinced, namely, that to picture our acquaintances and friends, or even public characters, strict resemblance, without flattery, is necessary. The general expression of the countenance, the prevalent habit of the original, and the dress usually worn by her or by him, are equally requisite. Our wife or daughter should be a woman,

and not a goddess; our friend or acquaintance should be a gentleman, and not a hero of antiquity; good execution and correctness of similarity should complete the portrait; else may we have a very fine picture, yet like nobody whom we know,—a mere matter of fancy.

With these remarks, and with this conviction I shall conclude, professing high esteem and pity for the meritorious artist thus exposed, and an irrevocable resolution never in future, by accompanying a fanciful lady to have her picture taken, to lose a morning of the

•THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

#### AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

The seat of the august Congress of the present era is thus described by a recent traveller:—

Aix-la-Chapelle stands in a fertile bowl, surrounded by bold hills, on descending from which, either on the road from Liege or from Juliers, the slated roofs and minarets of the *Hotel de Ville*, and the grotesque dome of the cathedral, give to the old Imperial City an air of imposing dignity. On entering it you find it, however, far from a handsome town, according to the modern acceptation of the phrase—nor is the interest of antiquity united with any of that architectural curiosity, which give the great cities of the Netherlands so striking a character. The city, which is by no means large, is as usual surrounded by a thick rampart, now half in decay, with small Roman towers at nearly equal distances. Below the ramparts are agreeable shrubberies and gardens, chiefly the work of the French, and which form favourite promenades to the company of the Bathing-Place.

Our visit in the summer, when the place was overflowing with company, gave us some idea of the mode of life of the diversified groupes who were drinking deeper of its waters and amusements than ourselves; both of which have no small resemblance to those of similar scenes in England. Gaiety has, however, a more decided character; pleasure is more the avowed business of every body; and if *ennui* may be the motive of as many visits to this place, as to similar ones in Great Britain, the remedy here appears more successful; for you can rarely read in a single countenance, as you so often may in the libraries of Brighton or Cheltenham, the inveterate disease of which persons come to be cured. The system of the day commences with a bath, taken early, for about half an hour. After breakfast follow excursions in the environs, the walks in the gardens, visits to the *cafés* and billiard-rooms, and, above all, the pleasures of the Redoubt, or Grand Saloon, which occupy the gay world till dinner, at two or three. This last-mentioned place of rendezvous is the great

centre of attraction; and with the exception of much more gaiety, more avowed vice, and the absence of all pretence at rational resources, acts the part of the library at an English watering-place. The Redoubt is a large handsome building, the ground floor open with a colonnade in front, appropriated to print, toy-shops, &c. A wide stair-case conducts to the first-floor, where, after depositing your hat and stick with the *gens d'armes* at the door, you enter the Grand Saloon—a splendid room, with a carved ceiling, and lined with mirrors. On one side a crowd of motley, but well-dressed and gay-looking persons, of both sexes, are pressing over each other's heads, round two large banks of *Rouge et Noir*. An anxious silence reigns, only interrupted by the rattling of the roulette, the clink of the Napoleons and francs, and the titters and jokes of the few whose speculations are a matter of mere frolic. The play is frequently very high, but the bank does not refuse to sweep in a solitary franc. Pretty interesting women were putting down their Napoleons, and seeing them swept away, or drawing them in doubled, with a *sang froid* which shewed they were no novices in their employment.

Between four and five o'clock, groups of the *beau monde* repair to the Louisberg—a bold sandy hill, rising abruptly just above the ramparts of the town, the view from which overlooks the city and the rich valley beneath, and stretches over the neighbouring hills and fertile pastures, to a range of even mountains which bound the horizon towards Germany. The scene of attraction on the mountain is a large tavern, with a splendid saloon, commanding an noble prospect. Music, dancing, smoking, tea-drinking, walks in the gardens, &c. occupy the various descriptions of guests; and the scene has few features of difference from our cockney rendezvous near town, except the characters of the parties, who, instead of being worthy cits, with fat spouses, are often a gay assemblage of Counts, Barons, &c. &c. of various nations and qualities.

During the continuance of the season there is generally a company of German players at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the company hastily return from the Louisberg to the theatre. The building is small, and by no means handsome.

The Cathedral of Aix is interesting for its history, and its rude specimens of early Saxon architecture: but has neither beauty nor grandeur to recommend it. The quaint old dome, which comprehends the whole edifice, except the light Gothic choir of a later date, is a venerable relic of the old minster with which Charlemagne adorned his native city. It was consecrated by Pope Leo III. in 804, with a ceremony worthy of its splendour. Three hundred and sixty-five Archbishops and Bishops were to be present at the solemnity; but unluckily two were missing, and there is

no knowing what might have resulted if two reverend prelates of Tongres, long ago dead and buried at Maestricht, had not been so kind as to walk out of their graves and supply the vacant seats at the ceremony. Some of the variegated marble pillars which adorned the old edifice are now returned from their temporary visit to Paris, and are shown with the curiosities of the church. Under the centre of the dome repose the ashes of the great Charles, with the simple but impressive inscription on the pavement—*Carolo Magno*. Immediately above hangs an immense circular sort of chandelier in the shape of a crown, composed of silver and brass—a present to the church from Frederick the Great, called Charlemagne's crown.

Among the relics are the *soi-disans* neck and arm-bones of Charlemagne, his hunting-horn, and a golden cross which he is said to have worn; — the girdle of the Virgin, a bit of the cord that served to bind our Saviour, a fragment of Aaron's rod, and a morsel of the manna of the desert. The possession of these treasures, which are preserved in a costly case, and exposed periodically to the wondering multitude, formerly made Aix-la-Chapelle the favourite resort of pilgrims from all parts of Europe. An old chronicle relates, that in 1490 above 140,000 visited the relics in one day; and that, at the end of the ceremony, the donation-box was found to contain 80,000 florins. The miserable morbid-looking wretches scattered about before images and altars on their knees, in every corner of the church, seemed to remind one that the Catholics of the nineteenth century were not so much advanced beyond those of the fifteenth, as for the sake of humanity, one might wish.

### THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN Theatre opened on Monday with *Macbeth*. The Manager has been liberal, and given his house a new colour and almost a new Company. But we are not connoisseurs enough in house painting, to take much delight in the description of the square miles of buff, intermingled with furlongs of white, whole acres of flesh-coloured cieling, and offskips of crimson wainscot. But the distant admirers of this colossal decoration may be indulged by knowing that the plan of the house remains unchanged, that its original roses, thistles, and shamrocks, are still inviolate, that the King's arms lower in undisturbed dignity over the stage, notwithstanding the temptation of the time, and that if the stage chandeliers have been taken away, and the dinginess of two years substituted by fresh gliding and clean paint, the aspect of the Theatre is only the better for the change. *Macbeth* exhibited a Mrs. Yates from Dublin as the Lady. The character is of matchless power, and we shall never see its adequate representative. Mrs. Yates must be described by negations: she is not old,

nor ugly, nor awkward, nor unintelligent; but we must complete these negations with one rather more formidable—she is not fit to play Lady Macbeth. She toiled through the part with ineffectual labour; sometimes vigorous. She often mistook whining for force, and wound up the solemn and lofty adjurations of this mistress of evil with a sneer. She played the great Regicide as a common conspirator, and degraded the midnight invoker of “those spirits that wait on nature's mischief,” the mighty temptress to blood, herself scarcely below the power and darkness of a Demon, into a turbulent woman. She has since appeared as Meg Merrilies, a character more adapted to her general accomplishments, and of course more successfully sustained. Young was the Macbeth: very stately, without detracting from his animation; vigorous without effort, and pathetic without feebleness. Great applause followed his vision of the dagger, and his repulse of Banquo's ghost at the festival. We have seen nothing finer on the stage. His conception in those scenes was equally remarkable for nature, strength, and simplicity.

On Wednesday, Pyne, from the Drury Lane Theatre, appeared in Henry Bertram, in the striking play of *Guy Rimer*. His style is familiar to the public; it continues the same, figured and imitative; but his execution is decidedly more happy. He appears to find none of his old difficulties in the usual evolutions of the gamut. His voice is sweet, his taste sufficient; and if he can resist the temptation of following Braham, he may be a very pleasing and popular performer, without much exceeding his present standard of skill and facility. Miss Matthews took the part of Lucy Bertram, and only tripped along where Miss Stephens lounged; Miss Foote was transplanted into Julia, and wore rather more feathers, and was bent rather more double than usual. *Flectere si nequeo superos, &c.*

### VARIETIES.

*Remarkable instance of fidelity in a Servant.*—In the winter of the year 1776, the Count and Countess Podotsky being on their way from Vienna to Cracow, the wolves, which are very numerous in the Carpathian mountains, and when the cold is very severe are more bold and savage than usual, came down in hordes, and pursued the carriage between the towns of Oswiesk and Zator, the latter of which is only a few leagues from Cracow. Of two servants, one was sent before, to bespeak post-horses; the other, whom the Count particularly esteemed for his fidelity, seeing the wolves come nearer and nearer, begged his master to permit him to leave them his horse, by which their rage would in some measure be satisfied, and they should gain time to reach Zator. The Count consented; the Servant mounted behind the carriage, and let his horse go, which was soon seized by the wolves, and

torn into a thousand pieces. Meantime the travellers proceeded with all the speed they could, in hopes to reach the town, from which they were not very distant. But the horses were tired, and the wolves, become more savage now they had once tasted blood, had almost overtaken the carriage. In this extreme necessity, the Servant cried out, “There is only one means of deliverance: I will go to meet the wolves, if you will swear to me to provide as a father for my wife and children. I must perish; but while they fall upon me, you will escape.” Podotsky hesitated to comply; but as there was no prospect of escape, he consented, and solemnly vowed, that if he would sacrifice himself for their safety, he would constantly provide for his family. The Servant immediately got down, went to meet the wolves, and was devoured! The Count reached the gates of Zator, and was saved.—The Servant was a Protestant; his Master a Catholic, and conscientiously kept his word.

*Vernet and Voltaire.*—When Vernet, the celebrated painter, visited Voltaire for the first time, the author thus addressed him: “Welcome, M. Vernet! you are rising to immortality, for never were colours more brilliant or more durable than yours!” The Painter replied, “My colours can never vie with your ink!” and caught the hand of Voltaire, which he was going to kiss with reverential awe, but the Poet snatched it away, modestly saying, “What are you going to do? Surely if you kiss my hand, I must kiss your feet.”

*True Witchcraft.*—An Italian lady, wife of Marshal d'Ancre, having had great ascendancy over Mary de Medicis, Queen of France, after her death was brought to trial on a charge of witchcraft. Being asked, what potent spell she had used to fascinate the Queen? “The potent spell,” she replied, “by which a strong mind fascinates a weak one.”

*Clerical Wit.*—Sir William Dawes, Archbishop of York, was very fond of a pun. His clergy dining with him, for the first time after he had lost his lady, he told them, he feared they did not find things in so good order as they used to be in the time of poor Mary, and, looking extremely sorrowful, added, with a deep sigh, “She was, indeed, *Mare pacificum!*” A Curate, who pretty well knew what she had been, called out, “Ay, my Lord, but she was *Mare mortuum* first.” The Archbishop gave him a living of 200*l.* per annum within two months.

*SMOLLETT'S TOMB.*—Situated on the banks of the Arno, between Leghorn and Pisa, in the most romantic spot that even the vivid imagination of an Italian could select, rises the tomb of our countryman Smollett, the author of *Roderick Random*, &c. It is of a plain octagonal form, about thirty feet in height, and six feet in diameter at the base, which forms an apartment, to which there are three doors. The English who visit it from the port of Leghorn, have erected a plain marble table, surrounded by

stone seats within; and scarce a vessel arrives, but the officers and crews pay a visit to Smollett's tomb, and do homage to his memory in *sacrifices* of the finest fruit, and copious libations of the most generous "lachrymæ christi" wine.

It is worthy of remark, that the tomb is covered with laurel, so that scarce a stone can be seen, and it is even bound up to clear the entrance at the doors.

The laurel grows wild in all parts of Tuscany, and the homage of friends has planted many a slip on the tomb of departed genius. Four marble slabs are placed inside, with suitable inscriptions in the Italian, Latin, Greek, and English languages. The Italian runs thus:—

Stranger! respect the name of TOBIAS SMOLLETT,  
An Englishman,  
A man of letters and playful genius;  
He died  
Contented in Tuscany.  
His soul  
Requires your prayers.

J. B.

## LATIN.

He knew every thing—he loved every one.  
Familiar with past  
and  
Present ages,  
His works merit a place by the side  
of  
Boccaccio.  
Pray for his soul.

S.

The Greek inscription has been thus translated; I am not competent to say but a better may be given:—

Here Smollett rests,  
A Citizen of the world,  
A Xenophon and an Hippocrates,  
A Terence and a Boccaccio.  
If he had  
A native country, it was this;  
For here  
He chose to die:  
I was his friend

J. PALLIONIETTA.

## THE ENGLISH INSCRIPTION.

"Patria cara carier liberta."

The great historian of his day,  
Who rival'd all but HOME below,  
Thou tread'st upon his lowly clay;  
Then let thy tears of rapture flow.  
The first of novelists he shone,  
The first of moralists was he,  
Who Nature's pencil waved alone,  
And painted man as he should be.  
Dumbarton's vale in life's gay prime  
Cherish'd this blossom of the North,  
Italy's sweet and favoured clime  
Enshrines in death the man of worth.

J. H. B.

There is much merit in the latter composition: it has evidently been written by a Scotchman. The Factory at Leghorn know not who placed the slab, except that it was some person who brought it from Florence; the initials J. H. B. I have heard interpreted James Hay Beattie. I believe the Doctor never was in Italy; whether he ever wrote such an inscription I cannot pretend to say. This little account may not be uninteresting to some of your readers.

J. M.

*Anecdote of Augustus, King of Poland.*

—During the assembly of the diet in Dresden, Augustus the Strong invited several of the principal members to an entertainment. Champagne was of course not wanting. A Page stole a bottle of it, and put it in his coat pocket. Being incessantly employed, he was unhappily not able to put his booty in a place of security. But his constant motion having caused the wine to ferment, just as he was standing behind the King it exploded; the cork flew up to the ceiling, and the Champagne rushed out of the pocket in the direction to the King's wig, and bathed it so effectually that the wine ran in streams from the curls. One part of the company were frightened, while another part could scarcely refrain from laughing. The Page, more dead than alive, threw himself at the King's feet, and His Majesty immediately sent the pilferer away, not from his service, but for a dry wig, advising him at the same time never to carry bottles with such liquor so long about him: "for," added he, smiling, "Champagne is not Dresden beer."

The waters of Marienbad, in Bohemia (between Eger, Carlsbad, and Pilsen,) has excited very great attention for some months past. The Vienna Gazette says, "An Officer who arrived, supported on crutches, laid them aside after he had used the air bath, and dances now at the balls at Marienbad. The number of persons cured increases daily, who were but a short time since weak and emaciated, and unable to get into the bath without the aid of crutches and attendants, and after using the waters for a few days, recover their strength and walk about every where without support"!!! This is a second edition of the *Fairy Fountain of Health*, which turned old people young.

*Athenian Eloquence.*—An Athenian who was deficient in eloquence, but very brave, when one of his companions, previous to their entering into battle, made a long and flowery speech, full of great professions of what he would do, arose and said, "Men of Athens! all that he has promised, I will perform."

A modern wit passing with a friend through one of the principal streets of the metropolis, and observing the name of *Farthing* over a shop door, said to his companion, "That man and his wife ought to be hanged for coining." "Why so?" "Because a farthing and a farthing make a halfpenny!" "Set your mind at ease," replied his friend, "the crime carries its own punishment—they are liable to be transported!"

Two friends, much in the habit of running their Latin puns against each other, happened to be at the Opera on the first evening of the Emperor, King, and Regent, making their appearance. In the early part of the evening one of the friends expressed himself enthusiastically respecting the beauty of a lady who sat with her full face towards them; but, shortly afterwards,

turning her profile, he could not conceal his disappointment; when his brother punster consoled him with,

"Fronti nulla fides!"

The challenge thus given, the disappointed enunerator looked round for revenge. Presently the crowned heads, field-marshal, and generals, made their appearance. The house rose up. After some compliments, the Princes, &c. took their seats, the house still standing, when the challenged punster turned triumphantly round to his friend, repeating,

"Consedere Duces, et vulgi stante corona'!!!"

*The Nightingale in Scotland!*—Ornithologists say, that in this country, the Nightingale never emigrates north of the Trent; but in the *memorabilia* of the present fine Summer it will be recorded, that two of these birds have actually been chanting their *respers* on the Banks of the Forth!

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

## SEPTEMBER.

Thursday, 3.—Thermometer from 49 to 70.  
Barometer from 30, 25 to 30, 18.  
Wind S. ½.—Generally cloudy.  
Friday, 4.—Thermometer from 59 to 75.  
Barometer from 30, 13 to 30, 16.  
Wind S.W. 1.—Morning cloudy (a little rain fell in the night); the rest of the day generally clear.—Rain fallen, 0.25 of an inch.  
Saturday, 5.—Thermometer from 61 to 67.  
Barometer from 30, 16 to 30, 05.  
Wind S. and S.E. ½.—A general rain till two in the afternoon, the rest of the day cloudy.  
Sunday, 6.—Thermometer from 55 to 65.  
Barometer from 29, 93 to 29, 92.  
Wind Wb.N. ½.—Morning cloudy (much rain fell in the night); the rest of the day much clearer.  
Rain fallen, 4.25 of an inch.  
Monday, 7.—Thermometer from 47 to 68.  
Barometer from 30, 00 to 30, 06.  
Wind Wb.N. ½.—Generally clear.  
Tuesday, 8.—Thermometer from 45 to 63.  
Barometer from 30, 10 to 30, 05.  
Wind Wb.N. S.W. and E. ½.—Generally clear.  
Wednesday, 9.—Thermometer from 39 to 62.  
Barometer from 29, 81 to 29, 86.  
Wind W and E. ½.—Generally cloudy.  
On Wednesday, September 16th, at 8 hours 10 minutes 44 seconds, clock time, the first Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.  
Latitude 51. 37. 32. N.  
Longitude 3. 51. W.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nothing could be more grateful to our private feelings than the lines of A. A.; but strong personal considerations must exclude them from the Literary Gazette.

Inca—will be welcome. We are truly overpowered with kind and interesting contributions on various subjects, which shall be attended to as speedily as the division of our Numbers into proportional parts for the matters which its plan embraces, will admit. Again we would observe, that information and intelligence, rather than speculation and opinions, are our favourite objects.

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